CHRISTMAS EVE PALACE CAR

BY ALBION W. TOURCEE. Author of "A Fool's Errand," "Hot Ploughshares," .tc. [Copyright 1887.1



YE were coming eastward on the Atchison. Topeka and Santa Fé. the line peerless among American rail. road monopolies in the character of its service and evident care for the comfort of its passengers. I have sometimes wondered that other corporations, disturbed by strikes and given to zealous blacklisting of discharged employees.

quire into the reason why this great New England system, with its thousands of miles of track spread like a network of steel over the great wheat fields of the Southwest, manages to command such loyal and devoted service from that magnificent body of men who compose its army of servitors. The secret is not hard to find to one who will mingle with its employees. He soon learns that these, from brakeman up to the Superintendent-and including the clerks of the chief officials-are treated like men and required to show themselves worthy of such treatment by displaying the same spirit towards the patrons of the road. Well paid, well provided, treated with gentlepaid, well provided, treated with gentie-manly consideration, they have developed an esprit de corps which of itself tends to eliminate unworthy elements and has pro-duced a body of subordinate officials une-qualled by any which has chanced to fall under my observation. I have made such things a study, and there is hardly a road in the United States upon which I have not had the United States upon which I have not had abundant opportunity for pursuing such in-vestigation. Good wages, convenient runs, neat lodging-honses, hospitals for the sick and consideration for the disabled, with rigid discipline and courteous example are at the bottom of this notable result. Courtesy and faithfulness is the rule of the road, and should be engraved on its corporate seal. A bulldozing conductor, an insolent brakeman

or a sullen engineer I never yet saw upon the track. It is characterized by the anxious carefulness of the Boston business man, who will stop in the busiest hour of the day to mark out the strange wayfarer's course along her crooked streets, modified and broadened by the heartiness and insouciance of the great est. It is said to be grasping and relentless in the assertion of power, keen to take advan-tage of opportunity and a firm believer in the underlying dogma of the railway monopolist, that the tariff rates should be governed by consideration of how much the shipper's business will stand; but these are common in-firmities, while its virtues are rare enough to deserve grateful remembrance from those I did whose comfort they have enhanced. I did not mean to write this, but somehow the time and place where I heard it have become an essential part of the curious tale I set out to

essential part of the curious tale I set out to relate.

We were speeding eastward, as I said, across the plains. We had watched the sun drop down behind the mountains, lighting with his farewell glow the snowy crests long after the plains were covered with gray shadows. Then the stars came out, and the feeling of isolation which the dull, unbroken distance and the great unclouded vault closing evenly down on every side produces crept over us and we drew away from the windows to escape its curious irk-someness. It was Christmas Eve, and a little company, strangers to each other a few hours before, but drawn together by that very sense of isolation which the desert brings, gathered in the smoking saloon. With the freedom which characterizes the great West, we were soon acquainted, and the converging particular training the great West, we were soon acquainted, and the conversation naturally turned upon the season and the personal experience of the va-rious individuals connected with the Christ-mas time. There were representatives of almost every part of the country, together with some whose memories held quaint pictures of the season of good will in other lands. They were tales of homes and friends and quaint one's story seemed to awaken an echo in every other mind, and that one who chanced first to begin went on with a new episode of the universal epic.

I must confess that the stories were not

many of them of the character of those which have become known in our literature as "Christmas Stories." I do not remember "Christmas Stories." I do not remember now that there were any acts of notable benevolence recounted, but there were many quaint incidents and some serious adventures. Curiously enough there was no boasting. One told how he had gone a long way, when an awkward lad, to carry a Christmas present to his boy love. She was the daughter of rich parents, and his heart beat furiously at the thought of his presumption, but he trudged on only to find the windows of her father's house all aglow and a gay company gathered within. When he mustered courage to ring the bell and ask for her he was bidto ring the bell and ask for her he was bid-den to wait in the hall, where she came to him in the dazzling radiance of her party attire, and, when he stated his errand, stood smiling upon him, a very angel as he thought, while he sought in every pocket for the gift which was the result of months of self-denial. It was gone. He had lost it on the way, but dare not confess the fact. After vain searching he looked at her in blank despair, only to see that she divined his misfortune and pitied

his distress.
"Never mind," she said, putting her little
"Never mind," she said, putting her little "Never mind," she said, putting her integleved hand on his rough sleeve and glancing quickly towards the closed door, "never mind, some other time will do."

She was leaning towards him; her rosy

lips were in easy reach; he thought there was no time like the present, and kissed them twice before they could be withdrawn. His audacity had its reward, and when he drew from his pocket the likeness of a beau-tiful woman and passed it around with the simple words. "My, wife, gentlemen," none of us wondered that Christmas Eve brought

back to him the memory of the gift he lost and the treasure he found that night.

One of the party had been lost in a storm—an Australian blizzard—on a Christmas Eve, and blinded with the wind and numb Eve, and blinded with the wind and numb with cold had staggered on, thinking he heard the bells of his English home pealing the Christmas chimes, to find himself when the morning came in a sheepfold, saved by the warmth of the innocent creatures who had arowded about him to shelter themselves. There were some curious stories of the supernatural, but the one that impressed me most was told by a quiet companylars.

supernatural, but the one that impressed memost was told by a quiet, commonplace looking man who had been up to that time a silent listener. It was getting late, and the porter had more than once intimated that the rules of the Pullman Car Company required him to put out the light in the saloon, and finding it impossible to effect our dislodgment, had relapsed into a contented auditor. His eyes were still distended at the ghostly narrative we had just heard when the gentle.

"On the afternoon of the 23d, after one of the pleasantest marches a body of troops ever made, though the weather was cold and we had to wade streams where the ice had to be broken, we reached our first halting-place—the banks of a little stream known as Bedsoe's Creek. I was to learn years afterwards the romance which gave it that designation. That day the weather had moderated, the light fall of snow had disappeared and the 24th dawned, as balmy and beautiful a day as a Southern winter sun ever shone upon. Our orders were to remain here until the afternoon of Christmas. We were camped in a splendid position, for the Colonel, though he had been in the service but six months, was a born soldier, and if somewhat reckless in undertaking difficulty was alert and watchful as a lynx. ful as a lynx.

"Of course, marching in light order, our "Of course, marching in light order, our rations were not over-abundant, nor our bill of fare as varied as it might have been. The old fields about the bivouac were full of game, rabbits and quail. The men used every device to catch the former whenever they could be started within the guard lines, but not with much success. The near approach of Christmas awakened a relish for luxuries as well as softened the hearts of those in authority. On the suggestion of the Quartermaster, it was decided by the Colonel to give the boys a rabbit hunt.

to give the boys a rabbit hunt.

"I am something of a sportsman, but I must confess that anything like that hunt I have never seen before or since. The regiments were marched out to regular positions ments were marched out to regular positions selected by the commander and marked by the guides on the sides of various old fields where the sedge-grass grew waist high. These were intersected by small streams over which the alders grew dense and dark. Here they stacked arms. The wood and roads were picketed and a guard was set over the guns. The field officers remained mounted, and one in each regiment was required to remain with the arms. Then each man was directed to in each regiment was required to remain with the arms. Then each man was directed to cut a good stout club, and thus equipped re-turned to the ranks. Thus far all was mys-tery to the men. When the companies were reformed each regiment formed a hollow square in single file so as to inclose as much space as possible. Then the order 'Inward face!' was given, and the four sides began to close in whom the centre. One universal face!' was given, and the four sides began to close in upon the centre. One universal shout of laughter went up from the men as they comprehended the character of the movement. Then every one addressed himself to the sport. It seemed as if every square vard of sedge grass hid a rabbit, and as the lines closed in on each other the medley of staring eyes, flapping ears, cotton tails and sticks and stones thrown by the men was ludicrous. When one field was exhausted the same tactics was pursued with another. The

sticks and stones thrown by the men was ludicrous. When one field was exhausted the same tactics was pursued with another. The sport was boisterous and exciting. Everybody joined in it except those detailed to keep watch, and when we marched back to our bivouac laden with rabbits, persimmons and mistletoe I never saw a more jubilant and rollicking set of men. Booths of evergreen and mistletoe were made, the game cooked and eaten, we took our Christmas dinner in advance—for the soldier never gives credit to to-morrow for what may be enjoyed to-day. The jollification lasted well into the night and in one of the brigade headquarter tents a jug of peach brandy and a can of honey which some one had been shrewd enough to purchase at a farm-house we had passed the day before, enabled us to drink the health of absent loved ones in really enjoyable tipple."

A lond smack interrupted the speaker at this point, and looking towards the door of the saloon all were convulsed at the curious contortions of the porter, who was going through the manual of tasting and swallowing in a way to show that peach-and-honey was no stranger to his gustatory organs.

"La Marse Canting." he said with a mili-

ing in a way to show that peach-and-honey was no stranger to his gustatory organs.

"La. Marse Capting." he said, with a military salute. "nebber 'spected to heah 'bout dem times out hear on dis railroad. Thought I knowed yer face tho.' at the berry fust."

"What's that? Were you there too, John?" asked the brown-bearded man in pleased surprise; for after all, old comradship takes small account of color.

"Wal, not adzackly dar, but I warz tharabouts," said the porter, showing his teeth.

"Where?"

THE WORLD: SA.

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HE CAME OUT INTO THE MOONLIGHT.

"What's the matter, Bridges?" I asked impatiently. He came out into the moon-light and I could see that his face was pinched and drawn with agony. He looked ten years older than when I bade him good-night a few hours before. I was really alarmed, and asked anxiously if he were ill. "Oh, I am well enough,' he answered with more composure than I had given him credit for, 'but I have had such a horrible dream—

for, 'but I have had such a horrible dream—
no, not a dream, a vision.'

"How I kept from laughing in his face I do
not know. But indeed his agony was pitiful
and I felt almost awed by it. At least I felt
a sort of sympathy for him, though indeed it
was an odd idea that a soldier should stand
there in the moonlight, his face showing pale
through the fingers clasped over it, and his
voice husky with excitement, because he had
had a bad dream. I remember thinking that
many of the poor fellows wrapped in their
blankets there might very well have troubled
visions if they were clairvoyant in their
sleep. However, I mastered the inclination
both to laugh and to sneer, and opening a
little flask of brandy which I kept for special
occasions, I poured some into a tin cup, and
holding it to his lips told him to drink. His
teeth fairly chattered as he drank it off. I

holding it to his lips told him to drink. His teeth fairly chattered as he drank it off. I gave him a camp-stool, took another myself and waited for him to recover his equanimity. After a while he said:

"'You are very kind, Lieutenant. It is silly no doubt. I don't know how I came to be so affected. I don't believe I am a coward, but it was so real—so terribly real. I wouldn't mind it myself—I really would not," he repeated protestingly. 'I don't wish to die, but I would never think of being troubled about it in this way, if it was not for my wife. You don't know her, Lieutenant. It would kill her. You don't know how her life is bound up in mine. It's not any common kill her. You don't know how her life is bound up in mine. It's not any common case. I've been father and lover and husband and savior—all to the poor girl; took her out of the street—no, not out of the street, out of the very shadow of death, when she was but a child, reared, educated and loved her all the time with the double love of father and husband. I would never have married her though—never, if she had not insisted upon it before I came away. She was sure I would be hurt—killed perhaps, and she wanted to be as near to me as she could come. I knew it was foolish. I ought not to have married her. Why, she's only sevand she wanted her. Why, she's only sevtool to have married her. Why, she's only seventeen and I'm forty—a graybeard, too, and they are right. I was not worthy of her—never can be, but I love her, and she worships me. It would make you ashamed if you could see her letters to me. I am the pinnacle of the world's life and worth in her eyes. I know I don't deserve it, and I ought not to have let her get such a foolishides. In truth, I did nothing to encourage it—but—but I loved her, and I could not dispel her illusion—could I, now?'

""But what has this to do with your dream, man?" cried he with a love sunrise his realgnation.

"The poor fellow's face became a shade paler, I thought, but he did not show any further sign of fear."

"'Well," he said, quietly enough, after a moment's silence, 'I knew it was my fate, though I had no idea we were going to turn off our course and strike towards Mumfords-ville."

" 'And who said we were?' I asked, anxious to regain the ground lost by my pre-vious hasty answer.
"'That is the name I saw on the head-board,' he answered. 'Poor Emily!' he

added, with a sigh.
"I confessed that was our destination, but tried to cheer him up by telling him there was little likeliho d of a fight, and if there should be one little chance that he would be in it. I even offered to have him detailed for

"Poor Emily! Poor Emily!"
"He told me he had made his will and named me one of his executors. His wife was the sole heir and also executrix. He did then. I thought that was the part that I could do and was glad to do. I shouldn't have come at all, but Emily got the notion that I was going to do so and talked about it so that I saw it would gratify her pride. So so that I saw it would gratify her pride. So I came. I don't think I was intended for a soldier, though I am willing to do what I can. If they had made a quartermaster now—that is in my line. But I was not going to lobby for it, and besides I don't think Emily would we liked it as well.'
"All this talk in his quiet, pathetic voice

was too much for me. The idea of being an executor too was only less terrible to me executor too was only less terrible to me than of being an executioner. I was only just twenty-two, a stranger to such things and having an unusual dread of all legal complexities. I knew nothing of Bridges's business, living as I did in a distant part of the county, had never seen his wife but once, when she came to bid him good-by as we started for the field. She was a beautful woman, I wondered then how she came to marry Bridges. I understood now. I was very diffident at that time and, like most country lads, shy of ladies' society. The very idea of being associated with a pretty widow in the administration of her husband's estate threw me into a perspiration. I think I had an idea that there was no way out of such a duty if it were once devolved on me. such a duty if it were once devolved on me. such a duty if it were once devolved on me. So I begged him to excuse me, but to no purpose. He said his wife had the will and he would rest easier if he knew I was interested in her welfare. Why he should I could not imagine. I was nothing but a schoolboy and not a very bright one either.

"In trying to find a way out of this it occurred to me that an officer with a little detail of year was false out tack in the morning.

of men was to be sent back in the morning.



young wife hung her head in shame at the thought of having married a coward. Bridges stood it for a while, then went and joined a regiment which was being recruited in the next county as a private. In a fight which occurred just after it was mustered into ser-vice he showed such desperate valor and withal such soldierly capacity that he was promoted to his former rank, to date from that day. By prespecialist he was at Munithat day. By mere accident he was at Mum-fordsville when Morgan made his attack on the garrison demoralized by their Christmas festivities, and in trying to rally the troops in the early morning was killed on the very spot he had described so well a year before." Nobody spoke for some minutes. Then one, interpreting the look in all our eyes, shrugged his shoulders and said: "Strange,

should be one little chainet that he would be in it. I even offered to have him detailed for special service to keep him out of the thickest of it. He shook his head.

"I couldn't do it,' he said. 'Besides it would do no good. One can't avoid what is decreed.'

"I trembled as I saw how thoroughly he was possessed of that fatalistic idea I had known so many soldiers to entertain, and which I had never known to fail in its forecasting of the end. I was no longer inclined to laugh at him. His querulonsness had departed and he was dead to all thought of himself as if the stroke of fate had already fallen. He only repeated his wife's name softly.

"Poor Emily! Poor Emily!"

"He told me he had made his will and named me one of his executors. His wife was the sole heir and also executirix. He did to he he her and also executivity. He did

was the sole heir and also executrix. He did not suppose I could act now—he had not looked for the end quite so soon—but he wanted me associated with her. If I could, he hoped I would counsel and assist her. "Poor Emily!" he said. 'She is but a child and she will not be as well off as many think. I spent a good deal of money raising the regiment. I did not think of going mit ther regiment. I did not think of going mit there is no suppose the suppose the suppose the suppose the suppose the suppose is not one. But for an accident to a train I should have been at home last night. As it is I am trying to divert her attention As it is I am trying to divert her attention from the past by frequent despatches show-ing my progress homeward. I hope it may not be in vain. Pardon me, gentlemen, if I have marred your pleasure. Christmas is not always a synonym for pleasant mem-

The whistle sounded as he ceased speaking. "There is Dodge City," he exclaimed, springing to his feet. "I must send a despatch from here so that she will get it early

A Christmas Story, by Bill Age. See The Sunday WORLD. Three cents.

Apropos of New Year Resolutions.

[From Harper's Basar.]
It is so easy to be good next week or the week after, because that person who is going to be good the person of that time another person, not one! self, not the person of this time. It is so difficult seri, not the person of this time. It is so almost to say; Now, now, now is the time to leave off; because the person whom "Now" audresseris one's seif, and experiences the whole hitterness of the remundation. And for this reason we may observe that usually the time for carrying the good resolve into effect is seldom, this moment or this day, but is always among the to-morrows; and thus uncounted good resolutions are made in any part of the last

A Faithful Wife.

[From the Chicago Tribune.]
"I shall use the \$25 you gave me to spend for Christmas, John," said the wife, tenderly, to the young man who had recently become the partner of her joys and sharer of her sorrows, "in the or ner joys and sharer of her sorrows, "in the purchase of something that will constantly remind me of your generosity. I shall have the pertraits of my first turce husbands be autifully framed and hung in our sitting-room."

John looked at the ceiling with a rapt, dreamy gaze, and in the deep, disquent silence that ensued the wallapper could be untincity heard adhering to the wall.

[From the Bin : humton Republican.]

**Too much water, " says an authority on the anbiect, will remove the strongest growth of hair. 's

True, every word of it. Water will in time destroy even the locks of a canal. Only a Small Percentage. There are in existence 180,000 copies of "the letter that never came." Any married woman

knows that this is a small proportion of those that were never mailed. Riker's Compound Dandelion Pills

CHRISTMAS IN THE HOSPITAL

BY A PAUPER INMATE.

Merry Christman! Here? Hold down, with prostrate, aching body, for many weary months, a bed sack in a hospital for the destitute, until, with spinal column worn away, your department of the interior in utter disorganization; the knots of matted straw are grindand, of course, you're "merry !"

pimples, Waterbury watch and an air of super natural wisdom. He has calculated on making his first post-mortem on your cartaver and highly disapproves of your presumption in still living. The patients are dosed liberally and experimentally in the interests of science and education. Sucking surgeons and 'prentice barbers must practise on somebody, you know.

It's cold in the ward-cold with the zero frigidity of proverbtal charity, and you snuggle under the bed covers, while those patients out and about shuffle around and try to warm up by exercise. A jolly crowd this.

more miscrable than the men whom they visit; bables in arms of course, and often a tottering chick hanging to the skirts. These make lively family parties, awfully lively. The shadow of unpaid rent enlivens them.

"Chipper" young girls come to see "the old man" or some "feller," These are high-hatted, bedecked with cheap gands and profuse of fluffy sangs; but their footwear and general rig are as disapidated as Jake Sharp's reputation. They shew gum and munch candy, and are gay with the in a degree subdued by the restrictions against oudness, profaulty and indiscriminate distribution of tobacco-juice. They "don't see no Christma racket 'bout here.'

There is one dear, pale, white-haired little woman, with a smile that makes your heart sick. She hurries to a cot in the corner. "Pappy" is there, her long-afflicted, patient husband, whom she loves to-day with the same proud tenderness that filled her heart long ago, when both were young and strong and happy. "Pappy" was rich once, and she had diamonds and carriages. Well, the bank cashier has the wealth now in Canada. The frail wife tries to wear a Christmas face, tries to joke a little, and from her pocket brings a few little dainties which she starved herself to buy for him, and he makes a brave effort to be bright once more. But soon they are slient; hand in hand they remain in the quiet of content or despair. If God in his mercy would this moment call these twin souls into the world beyond, surely then theirs would be a Merry Christmas.

But its dinner-time ; now for the feast. Outsiders must get ontaide. Two big kettles are carried in. the turkey has been roasted by stewing, and it is carved and served with a big tin dipper. These are a peculiar breed of turkeys; thirty-eight men are furnished, yet no part of turkey anatomy appears save wings and legs. This is a peculiarity f charity turkeys. But there is plenty to satisfy those who eat and those who gorge, and no atom is left. In a week or two, may be, you'll see tomorrow's paper with a list of the many good things provided for your feast. You'll see all you didn't get-in the paper. Of course there has been praying and sermoniz-

ing, but pudding and sauce would have caught on better ; and there are other incidents, but in the riotous festivities of the day how can one recall

The dishes are washed, the floor swept; the nurse comes in and serves pills or concactions all around as a relish; and then the fight against cold. and the growing and the misery, the sickness of body, mind and soul, that is the lot of every common day, take possession of each, and Christmas -for the pauper patient-is over.

Favorite Books of Popular Preachers. See the Sunday WORLD. Three cents.

Crumpled Rose Leaven.

[From Puck.] Dry Goods Clerk (to fellow clerk)-Timmy, you emember I told you of a desperate firsa "Did she recover?" asked one, with the had with a beautiful girl at Saratoga, when I was on my vacation ?

Timmy-Yes, chapple,
Dry Goo is Cierk—She was in here to-day, and bought some dress goods.

Timiny—What sid she have to say?

Dry Goods Cierk—Sae asked me if the goods would wash; that's all.

Cold Waves Are predicted with reliable accuracy and people liable to

the pains and aches of rhoumatism dread every change to damp or stormy weather. Although we do not claim Hood's Saraaparilla to be a positive specific for rhoumatism, the remarkable cures it has effected show that it may be taken for rheumatism with reasonable certainty of benefit. Its action in neutralizing the acidity of the blood, which is the cause of rheumatism, constitutes the secret of the success of Hood's Sarsaparilla in curing this complaint. If you suffer from rheumatism, give Hood's Sarsaparilla a fair trial; we believe it will do you good.

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SEATS NOW UN SALE
FOR THE SEATS NOW UN SALE
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"JULIUS CESAIL."
MONDAY, DEO. 26.

A CHILD'S LIFE SAVED

When six months old the left hand of our little grand-child began to swell and had every appearance of a large boil. We poultieed it, but all to no purpose. About five months after it became a running sore. Soon other seves formed. He then had two of them on each hand, and as his blood became more and more impure it took less time for them to broak out. A sore came on the chin, be-neath the under lip, which was very offensive. His head was one solid scale, discharging a great deal. This was his condition at twenty-two months old, when I under-took the care of him, his mother lawing died when and, of course, you're "merry !"

In this yet dim light of early Christmas morn, see that ghost of fever and famine combined stretched on the next cot; eyes glazed, claw-ingers picking at the torn blankets. A merry sight, isn't it? Grim De its chuckles; it's his meat.

Listen to that fellow on the opposite bed in a Curicus a Remember 3 wing the Curicus and the course in the course in the curicus and the curicus Listen to that fellow on the opposite bed in a strait-jacket, raving prayers and curses. A smashed skull, strychnine and whiskey make him merry.

See "Little Billy." all warped and twisted. He goes to the Alms house next week; no place clae on earth for him. A merry thought in his Christmas turkey, ch?

Dry bread and slop coffee breakfast; then the doctors. Sawbones, sr., is a pleasant men. He does his best for a fellow. Sawbones, jr., mental weight six ounces to the pound, wears eyeglasses, pimples, Waterbury watch and a nir of superat the age of six years, a strong and healthy child. The scars on his hands must always remain: his hands are strong, though we once feared he would never he able to use them. All that physicians did for him did him no good. All who saw the child before using the CUTICUTA. REMEDIES and see the child now consider it a wonderful cure. If the abuve facts are of any use to you you are at liberty to use them.

iberty to use them. Mrs. E. S. DRIGGS,
May 9, 1885. 612 East Clay st., Bloomington, Ill.
The child was really in a worse condition than be appeared to his grandmother, who, being with him overy day, became accustomed to the disease.

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Dec. 31, at 8.15 o'clock.
JOSEPH HOFMANN,
accompanied by MME. HELENE, HANTHEITER,
Prima Donna Contraito; Theodore Bjorkstein, Tenor; Sig.
De Anna, Baritone; Miss Nettie Carpenter, Mme. Baccon,
Harpiat, Sig. R. Sappio, Accompanist, and Adolph
Neuendorff's Grand Orchestrs. Weber Grand Planoused, H. R. JACOBS'S 3D AVE. THEATRE,

MATINEE EVERY MON., WED. AND SAT.
RESERVED SEATS.
20c.
HALLEN and HARTS
FIRST PRIZE IDEALS. SECURE SKATS IN ADVANCE Dec. 26-FUN ON THE BRISTOL.

EDEN MUSEE, 230 ST., BET. 5TH & 6TH AVES.

Provided the Hungarian of the Hungarian

NIBLO'S.

Last Matinee, To-day at 2.

Monday, Dec. 26, Curistinas Matinee,
The Great Sporting Drama.

"A RUN OF LUCK."

DOCKSTADER'S MINSTREIA

Grand Christmas Matinee Monday. (RAND OPERA-HOUSE.

| Reserved seats, orchestra, circle and balcony, 50e, Wednesday | MRS. LANGTRY | Saturday | MRS. LANGTRY | Matines, Matines, Wast week | NAT. C. GOODWIN | Next week | NAT. C. GOODWIN | Next Nonday | PROF. CROMWELLY | Christmas subject will be "MERRIK ENGLAND."

Next Sunday.

Madison Square Theatre.

Madison Square Theatre.

Madison Square Theatre.

Madison Square Theatre.

Sole Manager

Events is at 8.30.

Saturday Matiners.

Monday Dec. 26.

Highlay Matiners.

Positively Last Week Op

DEN MAN THOMPSON.

In THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

NEXT WEEK—THE HAMLONS, In LEVOYAGE RN

SUISSE.

STEINWAY HALL.

DONNELLY'S

POPULAR SUNDAY CONCERTS.

12 FIRST-CLASS ARIESTS.

Popular Prices—250., 36c., 36c., 50c.

TH AVENUE THEATRE.

THAVENUE THEATRE.

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Proprietr and Mode MATINE SATURDAY.

TO NIGHT AND MATINE SATURDAY.

IN HIS OWN COMEDY MONSTELD.

Nest week—DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE.

BIJOU OFERA-HOUSE.

HOUSE.
THE CORNAIR.

MATINEE SATURDAY AND XMAS. POOLE'S THEATRE, 8th st., bet. B'way and 4th ave.
MATINEES—Nonlay, Wedmeday, Thursday, Saturday,
TAKEN FROM LIPE.
Next Week—"ONE OF THE SHAVEST."

STAR THEATRE. OF THE BRAVEST."

MR. AND MRS, STORENUE.

To-night, Christians Malines and Night,

DOMBEY 4 NON.

Tuesday, Dec. 27-THE MIGHTY DOLLAR.

TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE. TONY PASTOR'S SPLENDID SHOW. GOOD RESERVED SEATS, 25 CENTS, MATINEES TUESDAY AND PRIDAY. A RMORY HALL VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.
158 and 160 Heeter st.
International Burlesque and Comedy Company.

LYCEUM THEATRE.
Bagins at 8.15.
Matines Sat. and Mon.